

THE YELLOW SEVEN A GAME OF CHANCE

This unusual series of stories deals with the exploits of "Chinese" Pennington, a detective sent by his government to British North Borneo to run to earth the Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits.

It was one of those gray, close, unhealthy days that Major Armitage came to Jesselton, B. N. E. He stood in a commanding position in the center of the first-class deck of the little Barudu—moored alongside the white jetty—a tall figure with an aristocratic stoop and a monocle that delighted all native beholders. When Captain John Hewitt—Commissioner of Police—observed him through his binoculars from the verandah of his bungalow—the newcomer appeared to be giving orders to everybody within hearing.

"Jack," called Monica from her chair, "who is it?" Her brother glanced back. "You're merely guessing," he retorted. "You couldn't possibly see from where you are." "Can you like me to prove it? A long, lean, stoopy man with a funny pug nose and red tabs." "And—there you are!" interpolated Chinese Pennington through the office window. "Monica has the eye of an 'awk'!"

Pennington climbed through the window and took the glasses from the other's hand. Monica gave a little impatient toot of her shock of fair curls, folded down the page of the book she had been reading and joined them by the rail. "That," said Pennington, pointing down the hill, "is Major James Lacy Armitage."

"D.S.O.," murmured Monica. "I fancy you're wrong there. He has three ribbons—almost as broad as they are long: One is for going to Messina just after the earthquake, the second I don't know, and the third he obtained by giving up his seat in a bus to a Russian Grand Duchess!"

Monica laughed. "The question is," said Hewitt, "what's his particular object in coming here?" "What's his particular stunt?" "Blood and iron! Addresses a dinner party as if he were back on parade with the umpteenth Hussars. Armitage is one of those men who talk until they give him a job simply to get rid of him."

"I see," said the Commissioner. "You don't happen to know, I suppose, what sort of billet they've fixed him up with this time?" Chinese Pennington was engaged in rolling a cigarette. "They couldn't find him a vacancy—so they made a job for him. He's a sort of traveling inspector."

"Oh!" gasped Monica. "You don't think they've sent him here to take Jack's place?" "Not on your life! Armitage don't like work. He's on the cushiest thing he's ever struck—and nothing short of an earthquake'll induce him to chuck it up. He'll inspect the barracks, parade all the native troops, drill them himself, nose into the cook-houses, waste everybody's time—and write a stinking report home to England condemning everybody."

Monica Viney's forehead wrinkled. "Won't that be rather serious?" Pennington smiled. "It'd be disastrous—if anybody at home took Armitage seriously. As far as I can make out, to be condemned by our friend in the monocle is the finest recommendation for promotion and increase of pay a police officer can have."

The Commissioner wound the leather sling carefully round the binocu-

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lary and assigned them to the cool-roach-eaten case that hung from the wall. "And all this," he complained, "when I'm up to my eyes in work! Monica'll have to entertain him, that's all."

"I like that!" "I thought you would. Our visitor appears to be a perfectly harmless sort of idiot, although a bit of a bore."

"You have to be a bore if you wear a monocle," asserted Monica wisely. "I warn you, Peter, that if you attempt to conspire with Jack to leave me alone with that man—I shall flirt with him outrageously."

"Sorry—but while the dashing Major is explaining to you what he did when he served with the nth Hussars, I shall not improbably be wandering in the wilderness in search of Mr. Chai-Hung's latest hiding place. True enough, our pet bandit was badly winged by Rabat-Pilai and the activities of the Yellow Seven have been temporarily suspended; but while Chai-Hung exists there's going to be trouble on this island, and it's up to me to stop it."

"Where is Chai-Hung?" Chinese Pennington spread out his hands. "Vanished from the face of the earth." "Lost his left hand in your last stunt, didn't he?" queried the Commissioner. "Wherever he happens to be, Chai-Hung'll be thirsting for your blood."

A heavenly smile spread over Pennington's boyish features. "I didn't do it, I only wish I had. It was my chief of staff—Rabat-Pilai—who accomplished the dirty deed. He's dried the gruesome relic over the fire and carries it about with him."

"And the ring," said Monica eagerly; "the ring with the green stone?" "He wears that. I hadn't the heart to deprive him of it, seeing that the bandit robbed him of an ear and an eye on their last encounter."

Monica retreated to her chair and, folding her hands over one knee, gazed through palm-clad slopes to the riband-like road below. "I wish with all my heart you could catch him, Peter. I hate to think of you roaming about in the jungle with every Chinaman's hand against you; it gets on my nerves."

"I wonder if he's heard that I'm still in the land of the living," mused Pennington. "Did I ever tell you that Varney buried me with all due pomp and ceremony—and placed a suitable inscription over my head?"

"Peter," Hewitt said earnestly, "do your damndest, but for heaven's sake take precautions. Chai-Hung deprived of one hand will be like a wounded wasp."

"I know," returned the man with the Chinese eyes. He smiled across at Monica. "But he's still the same delightful, yellow-skinned scoundrel whose habits I've made a life-study. I came here to get him and, although I've failed to do so a score of times, I've kept him on the run. There'd have been the deuce to pay in Borneo if he'd been left quietly to his own resources."

"And yet," said Monica, still unconvinced, "you haven't a notion where he is now." "No, but my men are beating the island pretty thoroughly and, from what I gathered this morning, they're getting warm."

"This morning! But you haven't been out!" Pennington's face wrinkled. "I'm going to let you into a state secret. Did you happen to hear a Dusun gong beating between nine and ten?"

"Yes," said the Commissioner; "I had half a mind to send an orderly down and have it stopped. I only permit gong-beating in the vicinity of my house on feast days and times of national rejoicing." "That would have been a pity," returned the other, "because I should have lost the interesting portion of a most breezy despatch from the zone of war." Hewitt grabbed his hat from a peg. "The worthy Major has found his way to our slope. All things consid-

ered, it would be as well perhaps if I went to meet him."

"You don't want me, by any chance?" implored Pennington. "Not unless you particularly want to come."

"I don't." He waited until the Commissioner had gained the safe berth outside, then drove for the passage-way. "Ta, off," he added to Monica. "Good-bye!"

"Not in the least. As a matter of fact I once took a hundred dollars from our murdered friend at palm- and he doesn't altogether cotton to me!"

A second later and he had disappeared altogether. Mrs. Viney came forward to greet Major James Lacy Armitage. "Delighted," said the owner of the monocle. "Won't you sit down?" inquired Monica.

The Major accepted her invitation and deposited himself in the most comfortable chair within reach. "Where can I stow my kit?" demanded Armitage, having satisfied himself that nothing was missing. "You'd like to keep it all under your eye, I suppose. I'll get my boy to see it into your room."

"I hope you'll be with us some time," added Monica, anxious to satisfy her curiosity. "The major started. 'I—er—I'm afraid not, Mrs. Viney. I've been sent here on a rather important mission and I don't count on remaining in Borneo for more than a few days.'"

Armitage turned to the Commissioner. "What time do you lunch?" "One," said Hewitt promptly. "Jack's a bit of an optimist," explained the girl. "To tell you the real truth, we're helplessly at the mercy of our Chinese boy. Mr. Pennington got him for us, principally because he's somehow managed to earn the hatred of the Yellow Seven—and of course he feels safer under the room of the Commissioner of Police. He's good at his work, but he hasn't the remotest idea what punctuality means."

(To be continued.)

Ask Heavy Ransom For French Fliers

Moor Tribesmen Want Money, 1,000 Camels and 10,000 Rifles

Paris.—Two French mail fliers who were forced down in Rio de Oro, Africa, two months ago, will be released only upon the payment of a huge ransom, it was learned here. The aviators are held prisoners by Moor tribesmen.

Several million francs, 1,000 camels and 10,000 rifles have been demanded as ransom, but French officials object to giving rifles to the natives and have had great difficulty in finding the number of camels demanded.

According to a letter which Pilot Reine, one of the captive fliers, succeeded in sending to his mother, the two Frenchmen were suffering intensely from the heat. Reine said their only exercise was riding camels, and he urged haste in gathering the ransom.

The other captive is Mechanic Berre.

Cancer Starts in the Kitchen

By SIR W. ARBUTHNOT BANE, President of the New Health Society. Cancer is by no means a "mystery disease," the secrets of which can be discovered only by scientists armed with microscopes, ultra-microscopes, test-tubes, etc.

There are various facts which show to all endowed with plain common sense that cancer is a commonplace disease, due to commonplace causes which can easily be avoided.

Test of the Cities
Cancer is a disease of civilization. It is practically unknown among the primitive races leading primitive lives. Hundreds of medical men who have practised for decades among the South African Negroes have never seen a cancer case, although many African Negroes live to the so-called cancer age and beyond it. On the other hand, cancer is not uncommon among the South African Negroes in the coast towns who for decades have lived more or less on the white man's diet, and it is very frequent among the Negroes in the United States who live like white men.

Mr. J. Ellis Barker (in his new book, "Cancer," published by Mr. John Murray, Ltd.) has shown very clearly and with a vast amount of reliable evidence that cancer is indeed a disease of civilization, or rather of over-civilization, of faulty civilization, and that it is essentially a nutritional disease.

It is far more prevalent in the towns where people subsist on artificial food than in the country where men eat fresh, natural food, take plenty of exercise, and are less troubled with intestinal stagnation and auto-intoxication than are the sedentary inhabitants of the large cities. We need not abolish civilization in order to abolish cancer. We need only reform our lives in accordance with the dictates of Nature and the recommendations laid down by the New Health Society.

Food Follies
The fact that cancer is a disease of faulty living, and particularly of faulty feeding, is shown by Mr. Barker by means of very remarkable statistics. Cancer is currently supposed to be a disease due to old age. Mr. Barker points out that the cancer mortality among the short-lived public-house workers and butchers is approximately three times as great as it is among the long-lived agricultural laborers and clergymen.

The extreme rarity of cancer among primitive races leading primitive lives, and its relatively slight prevalence among the plainly-living clergy and agricultural workers, who live to a far higher age than the people in other occupations, proclaims to all who have eyes to see that cancer is a disease of faulty feeding.

Mr. Barker shows convincingly that cancer is not a local disease of unknown origin, but that it results from chronic poisoning of the tissues of the body during decades. Cancer never affects a healthy organ.

Most cancers occur significantly in the alimentary tract and the organs connected with it, and the disease is, as a rule, discovered only when it is too late for successful operation. This is particularly true in the case of cancer of the stomach and of the bowel. Hence prevention is an infinitely more important means of dealing with this scourge than operation can ever be.

Mr. Barker's book is the result of deep thought and of unceasing labor done during many years. I consider it to be of very great scientific and of very great practical value. It ought to be read by all medical men and by all heads of families, and particularly by the women, for the foundation of cancer is laid in the kitchen and in the dining-room, and women have it in their power to limit its ravages and even to eliminate it altogether.

I hope that this book will have an even larger sale than Mr. Barker's previous cancer book, and that it will bring about those sound and sensible reforms which will lead not only to a striking diminution of deaths from cancer, but to an equally striking diminution of avoidable disorders and diseases of every kind, for cancer is merely the last link of a chain.

The author has severely criticized the scientific researchers. It is true, cancer research, though pursued for decades at enormous expense, has been terribly barren. It has yielded little of practical value. Mr. Barker criticizes with undue severity the scientific investigators, who are undoubtedly doing their utmost to advance our knowledge of cancer.

The instruction of the people in the laws of health and the efforts which are being made with remarkable energy and with such extraordinary

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"SATADA" TEA

"Pulse" comes from the Chinese word "Pai-ho", meaning silver leaf, which was applied to the tip leaves on the Chinese tea bush. The leaves are why in shape. In India they were more orange in colour, so were called "Orange Pulse" (Pai-ho).

success to reduce disease by dietetic means can run parallel with cancer research. The two movements are in no way antagonistic to one another, since both are devoting their energies to the elucidation of a difficult problem for the advantage of the race.

Hamilton Bans Radio Speakers in Street
Hamilton, Ont., has decided that loudspeakers should be heard in the home and not on the street. Persons whose radios or loudspeakers cause a disturbance to the peace and rest of others will be warned that they must abate such a nuisance. Failure to heed the warning will result in prosecution under the anti-noise by-law.


In Toronto similar complaints have been recorded. Music and radio stores are in the habit, both downtown and in the residential districts of operating loudspeakers outside their stores. Private individuals in Toronto who have caused a nuisance in this manner, government officials state, have turned their speakers indoors when requested. But the use of this form of advertising may result in a law similar to that of Hamilton in the city of Toronto, officials state.

The Miner Harvesters
Aberdeen Press and Journal: It may be that the present experiment will prove a test sufficiently convincing to persuade the Canadian Government to extend its scope beyond mere harvest hands and to establish a system which will give properly-selected British immigrants the prior claims on all the work a-going in the Dominion. It is unfortunate that the heavy concentration of United States capital in Canadian manufacturing industries has tended to keep the Dominion a little under the thumb of its wealthier neighbor, but closer co-operation with Britain would shortly remedy the situation.


Political Parties in Britain
Philip Snowden in the Pall Mall Magazine (London): The most likely result of the next general election seems to be that no party will have a clear majority in the House of Commons. What is going to happen then? Suppose we assume the probable, namely that the Labor and Liberal members have together a working majority over the Conservatives. What will happen? Well, one thing will not happen. The Liberals will not put the Labor Party into office in the loose fashion in which they did in 1924. Both Labor and Liberal learnt a lesson from that brief experience which will prevent them repeating the mistake.

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